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A Trip to South America

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

The real victory in all service is
won in secret beforehand by prayer.
Service is gathering up the results.
— S. D. GORDON.

Published Bi-Monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Meditations in a Country Churchyard

We come again, dear mother, father dear; it seems so little time has passed; the evening shadows lengthen fast, and you are here. This is the landscape that we saw; the buckwheat shimmers in the fields, the ripening fruit and berry yields its sweetness, following God's own law. The houses stand, the people pass; the river runs below the hill, though silent is the ancient mill; and sunlight flickers on the grass.

O here are friendly hands to touch, and loyal hearts with ours to share the ritual of a murmured prayer; they loved you much. We pause, remembering again how once before the silence broke, remembering the voice that spoke God's Word to solace all our pain. This is an hour for lifting up in prayer the friends whose names we tell; here we bend down to Elim's well, and gently fill our own small cup. For here the healing waters flow, remembrance, truth, love undefiled; we come as humbly as a child—who dreams what mercies God may show?

There is a house one loves to tend; and there are blossoms on the trees, and jonquils flutter in the breeze; a house can be a friend. There is a little living thing that loves to run and fetch a ball, or rushes to us when we call, in joy that makes the spirit sing. There is a room where, toiling late, we see a sudden glory shine; it is not ours, it is divine; it is the One for whom we wait.

There is a Church where God, through man, spoke to our heart the word of peace; and long-pent powers found release, and the new service-life began. Think not you are forgotten there; your names are plain for all to see; you share the glory now with me, as once you shared the toil and care.

There is a ministry as wide as this dark world of pain and sin; how may we let the glory in? How may we tell them Christ has died? O there are friends who know the way, once dear to you, now dear to me; they strive to set the sinner free; and there are other friends who pray.

Therefore be sure that all is well with people and with things you knew; God's grace falls sweetly as the dew, and you await us where you dwell. The silence of this holy place abides with us in Church and home; be sure, however far we roam, we meet you at the Throne of Grace.

—C. R. S.

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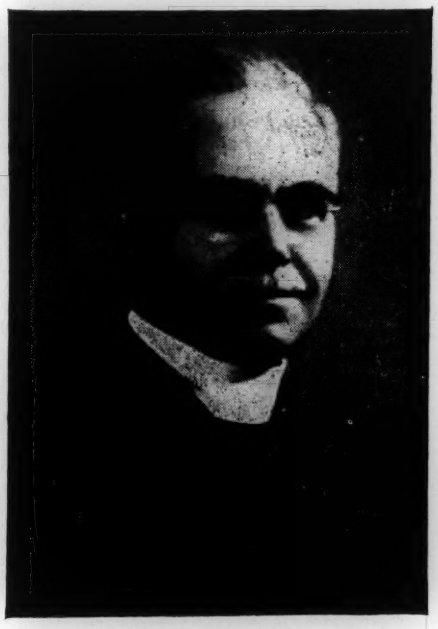
A Warrior Goes Home



DR. GEORGE ALBERT SIMONS

The Rev. George Albert Simons, D. D., minister of Christ Methodist Church in Glendale, Queens, and Assistant Treasurer of the American-European Fellowship, passed away at eight o'clock on the morning of Saturday, August 2nd, following an operation, at the age of seventy-eight. Though in failing health for the past year, he had continued active, preaching regularly every Sunday until a few weeks before his death.

Dr. Simons had served as lecturer and writer, as well as clergyman, and had headed various Methodist missions to Russia before and after the first World War. For the past eighteen years he had been pastor of the church in Glendale.

Dr. Simons' observations of Communism during his many years as superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Russia and Finland made him an outspoken foe of that ideology. He was widely recognized as an authority on Russia, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania. His lectures and writings, coming at a time when many others promulgated Communist ideas, did much to dispel public confusion.

Born in Laporte, Indiana, he was the son of the Rev. George Henry Simons, whom he succeeded in 1899 as pastor of the Prospect Place Church in Brooklyn. He studied at New York University and Drew Theological Seminary. His first foreign work came when he was superintendent of the Finland and St. Petersburg Mission Conference, from 1907 to 1911. With his sister, the late Miss Ottilie Aurora Simons, he took to Russia the first Methodist relief shipment to reach the Sovietized nation from the outside world. During the first World War he served as chairman of the American Red Cross Committee in Russia, and as a member of the board of American Hospitals for Wounded Russian Soldiers in Petrograd. In 1919 he testified before the United States Senate concerning the regime in Russia and Bolshevik propaganda in this country.

Dr. Simons was a Chevalier of the Cross, Order of the White Rose of Finland, first class, and had been decorated by the Russian and Esthonian Red Cross. The French Government honored him for his academic services, and the Latvian Government awarded to him the Order of Three Stars of Latvia, Officer's Class. He was a vice president in the Baltic States of the Magna Charta Movement, and a director of the American Methodist Child Welfare there. He was a member of the Authors' Club of London, the Anglo-Russian Literary Society of London, and the Hymn Society of New York.

A brother, Irving O. Simons of Glendale, and a niece and two nephews, survive him.

Funeral services were held at his late church on Monday evening,

August 4th, at eight o'clock. The officiating clergymen were Bishop Titus Low, Bishop Herbert Welch, and Rev. Asbury G. E. Stromberg. Dr. Simons was laid to rest beside his sister in Linden Hill Cemetery on Tuesday, August 5th.

To one who approached the familiar and beautiful little church on that warm Monday evening, it was a heart-catching thing to see the flag at half-mast. But the keynote of the funeral services was one of triumph. Following the singing of "The Church's One Foundation," and the reading of the Twenty-third Psalm and selections from the fourteenth chapter of St. John, the Rev. Mr. Stromberg paid tribute to Dr. Simons as a faithful friend. "He seldom thought of himself. He entered upon the first vacation he had ever had when Saturday, in the hospital, he closed his eyes upon this earthly journey, and opened them in heaven." Coupling Dr. Simons' name with that of his beloved invalid sister, Ottilie, he continued: "These seventy-eight years he did not toil in vain, but left behind him the same sort of glory that Ottilie left. He served her, she inspired him. What a reunion that must have been, when Ottilie welcomed George into that great household of eternal love! May God bless us, and help us to realize that the smallest thing is not too small to manifest the glory of Christ's love."

The church choir then sang the hymn, "Be Still, My Soul; the Lord is on Thy Side," to the majestic tune "Finlandia." Bishop Herbert Welch, who is nearly ninety years of age, led in prayer. Bishop Titus Low, in his funeral address, pointed out how graciously, following his many missions and honors, Dr. Simons gave himself to the service of his local church. "He loved folks," he said. "I don't quite see how you can be a minister without loving folks. God bless you, dear friends. And out of this blessed ministry which Brother Simons has had here, may there come some rich and glorious days for the younger ones and for the older ones, for that is the way our Saviour would have it. Amen." The service ended with the singing of "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest."

The American-European Fellowship records its keen sorrow at the passing of one who had long been deeply interested in our work, being a devoted friend of the late Rev. Norman J. Smith; and who had for nearly seven years served as our Assistant Treasurer. His kindly concern and warm-hearted praise did much to make the administrative work of the Fellowship easier. Our beloved "Uncle George Albert," as we personally called him, will be greatly missed. But the strength and grace of his spirit abide with us, and the Fellowship is the richer for its association with him.

Thus came Faithful to his end. Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a Chariot and a couple of Horses, waiting for Faithful, who . . . was taken up into it, and straitway was carried up through the Clouds, with sound of Trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate. . . . Now I saw in my Dream, that Christian went not forth alone, for there was one whose name was Hopeful, . . . who joined himself unto him, and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his Companion. Thus one died to make Testimony to the Truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a Companion with Christian in his Pilgrimage.—John Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Our pastor, Rev. Walter J. Graig, minister of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Yonkers, N. Y., has graciously consented to assume the post of Assistant Treasurer of the American-European Fellowship, so long and ably filled by Dr. Simons. Mr. Graig has been a member of our Board of Directors for a number of years. Pray for the Lord's blessing upon him as he enters into this closer association with the work of the Fellowship.

A Trip to South America

As we write, throngs of people in Argentina are passing the bier of a famous woman, who has already been proposed by the Catholic Church as a candidate for sainthood. It is gratifying to turn from this picture and view a different kind of throng, also in Argentina—a group of people who have been assembled for a baptismal ceremony, at the hands of our missionary, Rev. John Kovalchuk. The white-robed candidates are standing at the right.

A BAPTISM IN ARGENTINA

Brother and Sister Kovalchuk are especially dear to our hearts, as we have known them personally longer than we have known any of our other missionaries—some thirty-four years. The acquaintance goes back to childhood days when we were first studying the Russian language. Brother Kovalchuk is still a good teacher. Fleeing from Europe at the outbreak of the Second World War, they were compelled to leave behind them their lovely daughter Anna, and her husband John (last name purposely omitted, for the sake of their safety). They settled in Argentina, and have done a great work there in Buenos Aires and many other places. The accomplishments of our missionaries in Europe and other far-off lands sometimes seem more dramatic, viewed through the enchanting haze of distance; and for this reason, it may be that we do not remember this field of Argentina as often as we should in our prayers.

Brother Kovalchuk has sent us so much fascinating material of late, that we have despaired of reducing it to the compass of an ordinary magazine article. Accordingly it has seemed best, in this midsummer time (their midwinter), to turn this issue of the magazine into a kind of South American number. Our brother writes as follows (we continue, translating from the Russian):

Bowen, Argentina, May 5, 1952.

Dear Sister in the Lord, Ekaterina Normanovna:-

During the last World War, with the help of friends, the Lord enabled us to publish more than 100,000 brochures of various kinds, which were distributed everywhere. As they bore our address, we have received many wonderful testimonies of blessings and conversions resulting from the use of these brochures. Among others, we have become letter-friends of certain persons in the labor-camps in Greece, through these brochures, and the Lord has been wonderfully blessing them. You will remember that, at our request, you sent a number of parcels there.

Some of these friends have already left Greece for other lands, from which they continue to write us. Others still remain in Greece, and continue testifying, especially to the Russian fugitives. We have sent, and are still sending, a good deal of religious literature, and quantities of the Holy Scriptures, to them for distribution.

A few days ago we received a letter from an aged woman, Eudocia

Missirioti, who constantly witnesses and distributes our religious literature. As you will see, she has gone with her testimony and her literature even to prison, and the Lord has blessed her labor. Here is one example of a conversion in the prison. I am sending you a copy of a letter and testimony of a man who was converted to God while he was a prisoner in Greece. Perhaps you may find it worth-while to translate and publish his testimony in THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD. The aged Eudocia Missirioti lives with her children in the suburbs of Athens. She constantly rejoices, in spite of the fact that her husband perished in Siberia, where he had been sent for the sake of the Gospel.

Yours in the love of Christ,

JOHN and MARY KOVALCHUK.

THE WAY OF SALVATION

"I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up."—Psalm 88.15.

"I have longed for thy salvation, O Jehovah; and thy law is my delight."—Psalm 119.174.

Oh, how heavy and sorrowful my spirit was! No one could understand the anguish of my soul. From my youth I had been unfortunate. What joy and gladness was, what a happy life was, I never knew. From my earliest years I had thought of life as a heavy conflict which man must endure. And love had no place in my heart. My old brain had absorbed a lot of lying propaganda about political Utopias. I thought that the salvation of man lay in the wealth of his knowledge. And yet I always felt in my soul a strange emptiness. I had to experience many things, in order to be able to understand real life and the true way for the life of man.

I was born, grew up, and was educated in Russia. In the year 1938, my family and I were deported, as elements subversive to the Soviet power. My father and my two older brothers were sent to Siberia, where they died. The war, the occupation, and the difficult years for the Greek people, on the one hand, the revolutionary movement among the Greeks on the other, and my own hostile attitude toward the Reds as a third factor, constrained me to take part in the national civil war. The result of all this was that I was cast into prison, was sick, and was financially ruined.

God was still very far away from me. I even doubted His existence. I did not believe in Him. In the prison, after many years of confinement, there came into my hands a copy of the New Testament. This was the first time I had seen it in my life. At first I was very doubtful as to whether the Gospel could calm me, and bring peace to my soul. Wonderful to relate, the doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ and His love (John 3.16) for all sinful people, produced a great impression upon me. Only now did I begin to understand why my soul had always been so empty.

The sweet and winning voice of the Saviour, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 11.28), drew me to His embrace. He forgave me my sins (Luke 5.24) and cleansed me by His blood (I John 1.9). And believing with all the strength of my soul in my Deliverer and Redeemer, our Lord Jesus Christ, I abandoned my lawlessness and began to live a new life in Christ. I began to hate the devices of men, and to love the law of God (Psalm 119.113). "I have chosen the way of faithfulness: thine ordinances have I set before me" (Psalm 119.30). And the way of His salvation, the way of my joyful and happy life in Christ, has delivered me from darkness, and led me into the Kingdom of the Beloved Son of God (Colossians 1.13). I was the slave of decay and of sin, but now I have received spiritual freedom (Romans 6.8, 8.1-4).

And my new country is sweeter than any other country, much larger and

richer, close to our Lord Jesus Christ in the heavens, filling my soul with the bright and joyful hope, that he who believes in Him shall be glorified with Him (Romans 8.16-17).

I thank the Lord God that He saved me. "Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction. I will never forget thy precepts; for with them thou hast quickened me" (Psalm 119.92,93).

His blessing be upon you all. The slave of God,

IVAN SAVICH KISHILI-OGLOU.

Piraeus, February 22, 1952.

Revered Sister in Christ:-

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us in Christ with every spiritual blessing in heavenly places. I thank our Lord Jesus Christ that He gives me strength, while I am in prison, to preach about my Redeemer, so that other convicts may also find salvation. I send you my trifling spiritual reflections, so that I may share with you and with all the brothers in Christ the news of my joyful new life in Him.

I thank you, my revered sister, for your Christian love and your material aid. Thank you especially for your visit and for the Russian New Testament. You may be sure, as God is my witness, that my sole thought and desire, as soon as I am free from prison, is to help you with all my power on the field of God, so that other Russian people, of whom there are a great many here, may come to know and find the truth of God.

If your situation permits, please send me and my two brothers in Christ, who have received the Lord, some socks, trousers, coats, shoes, and whatever the Lord sends you for His glory. Be so kind, revered sister, as to try also to visit my mother and sister with the Word of God, and to testify to them. As you see, your care for the salvation of my soul has not been in vain. I have great hope that the Lord will not leave my mother and sister without His blessing.

I close my letter, with fervent greetings to all in Christ. I wish you many years of health and happiness. The slave of God,

IVAN SAVICH KISHILI-OGLOU.

FREEDOM

"While I live will I praise Jehovah: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being."—Psalm 146.2.

What a wealth of charm, pleasure, wonder, what a treasury of hues and colors, are contained within one word, which fills the thoughts and the soul of every man, the word "Freedom"! How many national revolutions there have been, how much blood has been shed, and how many victims have fallen on the field of battle, in order to win freedom! And all in vain. Hundreds of writers and poets have sung, and still sing, of national freedom. But unfortunately, even today, the world has not found, and it cannot find, true freedom, because people refuse to understand the true meaning of this word, and seek freedom in this world, and in human conflict.

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom! I think I know the meaning of that word better than most, because I have personally tasted every kind of human freedom, and in spite of my years, I have lived through enough, have seen enough in my life, in my contacts with evil men, of covetousness, malice, quarrels, treachery, and bad temper. I think that the meaning of the word "freedom" is better known to me than to most others, because I have been seven years in prison, and all my thoughts and dreams are only of freedom.

I do not know if you can understand the heavy grief and sorrow of my soul, but I think you can imagine how I, waking with the first golden rays of the morning sun, and hearing in the distance the joyful twittering of happy birds, find myself confined in the close dungeon of a prison. Or when night comes, and the clear, light-blue sky of Greece is adorned with shining stars, while the moon peacefully reigns over them, and someone chants a lyric tune, playing on the strings of the heart's deep longing—still I find myself in prison, and I see only one small part of the heavenly panorama from my small, iron-barred window. In the situation in which I now am, freedom has become for me the whole aim of life, and it is difficult for me to express in words the torment and anguish of my soul. But only think how happy the man is who, while in prison, can find the true freedom, the joyful way of the blessed life. I must candidly confess that sometimes I have terrible thoughts; but the way is clear and exact, not only for me, but for every man who has made up his mind to be free from the heavy fetters of sin and the passions of the flesh.

If John, the beloved disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ, exiled to the island of Patmos, received a clear revelation of future events, then I, a great sinner, like Saul before me, the slave of materialistic thoughts, the slave of human philosophy, have received the blessing of the Lord, have opened the eyes of my poor soul, and have firmly determined to say: "And there is no more sea" (Revelation 21.1); no more, for me, the swelling waves of malice and deceit. I repeat, the heavy fetters of sin have fallen from me, for I was "the bondservant of corruption" (II Peter 2.19); I have had the great joy of coming to know my Saviour and Deliverer, our Lord Jesus Christ, and believing on Him, He has given me the right to be a child of God (John 1.12). In other words, I came to understand that there is no freedom apart from Jesus Christ, and all the freedom offered by this world is nothing but the covering up of evil. The only One in this world who can give men true freedom, and deliver them from the heavy bonds of captivity, corruption, and sin, is the Only Begotten Son of God, who poured out His blood, offering Himself a sacrifice on the Cross, dying for us, when we were yet sinners (Romans 8.2). "For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world should be saved through Him" (John 3.17). "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and of death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the ordinance of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Romans 8.2-4). "Now the Lord is the Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (II Corinthians 3.17).

This freedom, the freedom of my soul, is higher than any kind of human freedom, as I am permitted to say through the lips of the Apostle Paul (Galatians 2.20). Here is the real and true freedom! This is why I count myself a free man! Here is the genuinely tranquil harbor of peace and joy. To speak plainly, my earlier sinful life was a life with wide horizons and great hopes, but, unfortunately, its crooked ways brought me to prison. It could not have been otherwise, because I was living without God. Today my life is full of light and joy, "for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and of death." And no one can take away from me the blessedness of this God-given freedom. In place of lies, I have the truth, and the great assurance that "Jehovah upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all that are bowed down" (Psalm 145.14). And the truth of our Lord Jesus Christ delivers me from death (Proverbs 10.2);

"for the wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 6.23).

And now my soul is no longer in the damp dungeon of the prison, it is no more a plaything in the hands of the devil; it is free, it is given to the Lord God. And I am persuaded that the Lord God will set me free from my sinful flesh, and that He will also set me free very soon from my confinement in the prison. For "The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Psalm 34.7). My soul shall always praise the Lord. As I bring to a close my little song about my personal spiritual freedom, permit me to shout to the four corners of the earth: "Christ is my life, my strength, my joy!"

Remember my bonds (Hebrews 13.3). Blessings upon you all.
The slave of God,

IVAN SAVICH KISHILI-OGLOU (Greece).

We continue now with two letters from Brother Kovalchuk himself.

Bowen, Mendoza, Argentina, May 9, 1952.

"Come now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into this city, and spend a year there, and trade, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. What is your life? For yé are a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall both live, and do this or that" (James 4.13-15).

How important, true and instructive these words are! They constitute a great warning for us. Our life on earth is brief, and it may be snatched away suddenly from any man, regardless of age. We often forget this, and make various plans, not asking whether this is pleasing to the Lord, and whether He will prolong our lives. Consequently it may happen to us as it did to the rich landholder, mentioned by our Lord in the 12th chapter of the Gospel according to Luke. He drew up extensive plans for his life, for many years, without seeking the will of God. God called him "fool," saying: "This night is thy soul required of thee" (Luke 12.15-20).

A few days ago our town of Bowen and the whole Slavonic colony was stunned by the sudden tragic death of a young man, Peter Yakovchik, whom we all knew well, because, in spite of his youth (he was only twenty-four), he was a good bricklayer. He built brick houses very well and honestly, and at reasonable prices. He gradually acquired an excellent reputation for trustworthiness, lived up to it, and as a result, he had more work than he could accomplish. He was a man who was very useful among our colonists.

But now he has met with a sudden tragic death. In the evening, just at dusk, he was riding home from Bowen on his bicycle. On the way, he somehow unexpectedly collided with a horse which was coming in the other direction, harnessed to a cart, and apparently the shaft dealt him a heavy blow on the right side of the chest; then, as it seemed from the marks on his body, the cart passed over him, after he had fallen to the ground. The master who was riding on the cart not only did not stop, but quickly hurried on. The young Peter Yakovchik was lifted up by Russian friends who were passing by and borne home. He spoke little, his internal organs being gravely injured. The doctor and pharmacist, when they arrived, gave him two injections, but seeing that his condition was serious, they immediately started with him for the hospital in the neighboring city of Alvear, twenty kilometers distant. But before they had reached their destination, Peter died on the road.

The following day they brought him home for burial. For the next two days, while awaiting the arrival of Peter's father from the city of La Plata,

where he was at work, we held meetings, which were attended by almost all our believers from the various churches. There were also a good many outsiders, both of the Slavonic and of the local populace. You may be sure that these meetings and this funeral service have not been without fruit. There was much testimony from the Word of God, showing that man must be always ready to appear before the Lord. On the second day, in the afternoon, April 26th, having received a telegram from the young man's father that he could not return because of illness, we buried Peter, after holding one last meeting. At the cemetery, about two kilometers from the city, there was a large gathering, where we sang, read the Word of God, and preached. Then the coffin was lowered into the grave, earth was heaped upon it, and the place was covered with flowers. Peace to your ashes, dear Peter. Rest peacefully until you are awakened from your slumbers by the loud trumpet of the Archangel.

It is interesting to notice the testimony of Peter's mother, and of others who were near him in the last days of his life. He was pensive, as though he foresaw his approaching death. At his work he seemed somewhat confused, and at home he said to his mother, with a sigh: "Mamma, I think I am going soon to the Lord Jesus."

In closing I want to say a few words about Sister Praskovia Yakovchik, Peter's mother. She is left with five small children, of school age. The eldest son, now deceased, was the greatest help to them, and protected them, as the father, Brother Semeon Yakovchik, was compelled by a combination of circumstances to go to work at La Plata, in the State Polyclinic Hospital, and could come home to his family only a few times in the year. Therefore the loss of her eldest son is especially grievous for Sister Yakovchik. We were afraid that she might not be able to endure such a terrible blow. But it was comforting to see that this sister bore herself throughout with self-control, and as a Christian should. She did not lose command of herself, as some do, and she constantly kept repeating: "It seems that it has pleased the Lord to take my dear son away from me. May the Lord be praised in everything!"

We request your prayers for Sister Yakovchik and her children, and also for Brother Semeon Yakovchik, her husband, in La Plata, whose health is very poor.

JOHN KOVALCHUK.

Bowen, Mendoza, June 7, 1952.

Our hot, oppressive South American summer has passed. Winter is at hand, with its frequent changes of weather. By the mercy of God, during the past summer I was enabled to make several distant and prolonged missionary journeys. I visited the capital of Argentina, Buenos Aires, and its extensive suburbs, and also some other places where we have worked, and where there are groups of believers. I attended the Annual Congress of the regional and general union of Slavonic workers in the La Plata Republics. The Lord helped and blessed. I often returned home greatly exhausted and completely worn out physically, but with joy in my heart, and gratitude to God for the opportunity still to testify to many souls concerning His great salvation in Christ.

In Mendoza, also, the Lord gives us opportunity to labor, as strength permits. In the course of the past summer we have been visited from time to time by several of our fellow-workers from various Slavonic fields of labor, and together we have had good meetings and house-to-house visitations. A special blessing attended the visit of our dear guest, Brother K.

Grigorovich, from the city of Sao Paulo, Brazil. For many years he has labored among the Slavonic people in this country, and he is also editor of the Russian magazine, "Druzheskoe Slovo" (The Friendly Word). This brother-worker travelled through our whole field, holding special meetings, preaching and lecturing to confirm the believers in their spiritual life. He also showed and explained pictures of the work of the Holy Spirit upon man. His tour of our local groups renewed and spiritually exalted the believers.

Our church here, glory to God, is being strengthened spiritually, and is increasing in numbers. During the past year, nineteen souls entered into covenant relations with the Lord through baptism. The present year, we have already baptized nine. In the little river which flows through our colony of "Scandinavia," not far from our house of prayer, under the open arch of the blue sky, and the brightly shining South American sun, before a large throng of onlookers on both sides of the river, one after another, these souls, to the sound of Evangelical psalms, and after making the triumphant answer: "Yes, I believe in Christ as my personal Saviour," were buried in the waters of baptism, in token of their death and burial to the old life, and raised in token of their resurrection to newness of life in Christ Jesus. It seemed that the high mountains of the Andes, plainly seen a little distance away from us, on the borders of Chile, were singing with us, rejoicing and praising God, and all the trees of the wood were clapping their hands (Isaiah 55.12), and even that all of heaven was rejoicing (Luke 15.7,10).

Besides this labor, the Lord gives wonderful opportunities to have a part in the work of the religious magazines which are being published here in South America, and also in other lands. The printed word has especial value. It is distributed widely in many lands, and reaches people who never could be reached by a living preacher. It accomplishes its splendid work. We have often had occasion to learn of the wonderful results of the printed Word. I remember instances from our labor on the field of God in the Carpathian mountains. In a town or village where Evangelical meetings are being held, magazines and brochures are distributed in the homes and on the streets or roads. They are borne far away, to the very summits of the mountains, where the poor people live in their hovels, and where no one ever comes. There they are attentively read, and the Holy Spirit accomplishes His wonderful work.

The Lord also gives us opportunity to carry on a correspondence with various people who, having seen our address in the magazine or brochures, write to us from various lands and places. Just a few days ago I received a letter from a sister in Christ who lives in Australia. Together with another friend there, she has entered into covenant relations with the Lord through baptism. She was corresponding with us while she was still in Greece, in the DP camp. The Lord did a wonderful work in her. Other friends who are still in Greece are rejoicing in Christ, and testifying to others of their salvation. Truly, "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isaiah 55.10,11). How cheering and consoling this promise of God is! And therefore we shall labor in the faith that what we sow will bring forth fruit in its season.

Yours in His joyful service,

JOHN KOVALCHUK.

(Our brother's ministry is many-sided, and reaches into distant lands. Let us all be faithful in remembering him and his dear wife in our prayers.)

The Place Whereon Thou Standest

JEAN W. RHODE

"Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy."

In the leading of God I came to a quiet place in Flatrock, North Carolina, recently, hoping to get myself built up physically and refreshed spiritually. The cabin, nestling in a wooded area of seven and a half acres, is just off one of the main highways. The solitude of the retreat had been anticipated with pleasure, as offering an opportunity for prayer and communion with God.

From the first day, the altitude, some twenty-two hundred feet above sea level, made breathing difficult. Soon the slightest exertion caused my heart to beat furiously; while panting for breath brought on dizziness. Praying did not alleviate matters. My tenseness increased daily, so that the digestive organs practically ceased to function. As I waited upon the Lord, certain new spiritual truths slowly came to light. Truly, "the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked; who can know it?" How superficial I had been! Lack of love and devotion to God and believers, as well as lack of love for lost souls, had to be confessed.

One dark night, shortly after midnight, I awakened with a sinking feeling and pain in my left side. My heart was acting strangely, skipping beats, surging, then seemingly stopping. The attack lasted several hours. It was my first experience in what seemed to be heart failure. Beside the pain, there was the feeling, or fear, of being alone. There was no telephone nor person within calling distance, not even a light to be seen in the unaccustomed darkness. Utterly helpless as I was, the solitude of my retreat became to me a heart-searching experience. With every human support removed, I was face to face with the Lord. Did I trust Him fully, and love Him with my whole heart? Was He "a very present help in time of trouble?" Instead of rest and sweet fellowship, a fiery trial of faith was to prove me. "God is a consuming fire."

The following evening I was to bring a message to a group of ladies at a missionary meeting. I was prostrate. But I looked to God for strength, and He enabled me to go with those who called to take me. At the lovely white church some forty persons had gathered, including a fine group of young people and some men. God empowered me, giving liberty and expression to impart the message.

The Word had become real and vital in trial, the unseen proving truer and stronger than the seen. Theory had now become experience. Standing

out among a number of passages were Isaiah 41.13, "For I Jehovah thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee"; and Psalm 3.5, "I laid me down and slept; I awakened; for Jehovah sustained me." I sobbed with the realization of the Lord's dealing with me. Could anything be more wonderful than God's holding one's hand, and one's awakening because He had sustained? Though the trial was repeated a week later, and the attack was more severe than the first, the sting of fear was gone. God heard my cries when no one else did, and comforted me through the Scriptures, permitting the trial only to purify and strengthen my faith in Him; for Satan had been busy during those nights of distress, reminding me of the tragedy of Grace Mott's death.

(Miss Grace Edna Mott was Miss Rhode's co-worker, under the Fellowship, in the Ghetto of Warsaw twenty years ago. For Miss Mott a martyr's crown was reserved, and it was Miss Rhode who found her body after she had been murdered by a person or persons unknown, in the meeting-hall itself.—Editor.)

The consuming fire burning up the dross in me was not pleasant, but the purifying experience was needed. The flesh—the natural man with all that was gratifying to it—had to be put to death. "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Thus one is weaned from earthly things, which lack reality and therefore endurance, to heavenly and eternal glories (II Corinthians 3.18). How wonderful is the condescension of God in perfecting that which concerns a human soul! Then let us endure, "as seeing Him, who is invisible."

Yours in His matchless grace,

JEAN W. RHODE.

An Old Friend Speaks from His Heart

Mr. F. Spencer Johnson has been crowded out of his usual editorial corner this time, because the material he has sent us of late is so interesting and so extensive that it could never be compressed into the limits of the second page of the magazine. On our desk lies a beautiful paper-bound book of more than a hundred pages, with an attractive photograph on the cover. It is entitled "My Marvelous God," and is the autobiography of his sainted wife, Margaret Spencer Johnson. We have a few copies here, and more can be imported if you desire them. If you wish to order this attractive book, which sells in the United States for one dollar, please make use of the blank on p. 16.

But it is time to let Mr. Johnson speak to you through his own gifted pen. Writing under the heading, "Is Forgetfulness a Sin?" he begins as follows.

Suppose someone owes you fifty dollars! When you meet, you mention the matter. "Oh, I forgot all about it," replies the debtor. Such an excuse is sin. Christ died to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. These words are intended for the supporters of the American-European Fellowship. I look upon you all as "The HARVEST FIELD family." This includes the workers on the fields and all friends everywhere who pray for God's will to be done in the battle for souls. The Holy Spirit has been searching my heart. The Divine Voice spoke in the night: "Have you forgotten the early Pioneers?" Again and again it was repeated: "Have you forgotten the founder's burning words: 'Europe, the battleground of men and devils, must be evangelized!' "

I was silent. My mind went back to a meeting of Christian leaders in Poland, where the chief spokesman said: "Pastor Orson Palmer is a man sent from God. We love him, because in him we see the true Christ-life lived and poured out for sinners." The Holy Spirit caused me to remember Mr. and

Mrs. Norman J. Smith. How they loved and prayed for the poor Jewish children of Warsaw! The work at Radost, Poland, was to them a labor of love. Comrade Norman Smith was also a lover of Israel. His leaflet on Psalm 81 is arresting, pathetic, and inspiring. "Israel would have none of me" (Psalm 81.11).

In the silent hours of the night I was still further reminded of at least a dozen noble, devoted workers among the Jews of Poland. I need not mention names. They must all remain warriors, pioneers and martyrs. "Have you forgotten them?" rang in my ears. I could not reply. I was dumb. Later I prayed: "Lord, forgive me. Take all my excuses and nail them to Calvary's Cross! Forgive my thoughtfulness. Pardon my sin. The blood of the Martyrs is precious in Thy sight. Their works do follow them. May we follow on and prove ourselves faithful unto death!"

Through the Lord's definite call to faith and thanksgiving, I urge you to pray and give in memory of the pioneers and martyrs, including all who have helped to establish and build up the American-European Fellowship from the beginning. These are pioneers, warriors of faith, hidden workers at home and abroad, known and unknown, but all known to Him who recognizes the cup of cold water given in His Name.

Quite recently, a friend who publishes God's Word in Hebrew returned from a tour in Israel. He thrilled an audience with his account of the progressive work he had seen in many parts of Palestine. Then he called out: "Is Mr. Spencer Johnson here? I wish to inform you that Dr. Yuk sends his greetings to you and all who pray for the medical mission and the doctor's excellent staff of helpers at Tel-Aviv." They are doing a grand work of healing among a great variety of Jews. Crowds come with their ailments. The Gospel is preached, and God is working deeply day by day. The Clinic is under the wing of the American-European Fellowship, and must not be forgotten in prayer and sacrifice. Let us expect great things from a wonder-working Lord and Redeemer.

Dr. Yuk's appeal for definite prayer has deeply moved my heart. I have cried: "O Lord, give to every reader of the HARVEST FIELD the Holy Spirit's leading (Romans 8.26), so that we shall have no rest until we answer Dr. Yuk's pleading call." The doctor's description of the opposing forces of evil is staggering. Not only the severe strain imposed by the climate must be endured, but the abominable filthiness of Satan's fiendish and hellish trouble-makers. Send for a copy of Dr. Yuk's book, "Israel in the Holy Land," obtainable from the Fellowship; read it, study it, and pray over it.

"Ask in My Name," says our Lord. Israel is calling. The Holy Spirit will use Dr. Yuk to be a blessing to all Israel. Isaiah's mighty message (Isaiah 41.10) must be turned into prayer NOW. Satan's plans, schemes, wiles and devices must be pitched over as our Lord overturned the tables of the money-changers in the House of Prayer. We overcome by the Blood of the Lamb! Do not delay in getting the book. Thank God, you are not ignorant of Satan's devices (II Corinthians 2.11). "They shall prosper that love Israel."

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

Dr. George H. Dowkontt

Absent from the body — Present with the Lord
August 14, 1952

The September-October issue of this magazine will be a memorial number.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, June and July, 1952
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

35789--$10.00	35820---$3.00	35851--$25.00	35882---$3.00
35790---10.50	35821----5.00	35852---10.00	35883----3.00
35791----5.35	35822---10.00	35853----2.00	35884----5.00
35792----5.00	35823---75.00	35854----2.00	35885---10.00
35793----3.00	35824----5.00	35855----5.00	35886---10.00
35794----5.00	35825----5.00	35856---45.00	35887----2.00
35795----2.00	35826----5.00	35857---20.00	35888----2.00
35796----1.00	35827--100.00	35858---75.00	35889----1.00
35797---50.00	35828----3.25	35859---15.00	35890---20.00
35798----3.00	35829----5.96	35860---75.00	35891----1.00
35799----1.00	35830---10.50	35861----5.00	35892----2.00
35800---30.00	35831----2.00	35862----2.00	35893----2.00
35801---10.00	35832----5.00	35863---10.00	35894----2.00
35802----5.00	35833---25.00	35864---10.00	35895----2.00
35803----5.00	35834--854.39	35865---40.00	35896---10.50
35804---50.00	35835--115.00	35866----3.00	35897---10.00
35805---48.00	35836---10.00	35867---85.00	35898---15.00
35806---75.00	35837--100.00	35868----5.00	35899---15.00
35807---50.00	35838---50.00	35869----3.00	35900---10.00
35808---10.00	35839---30.00	35870----1.00	35901---75.00
35809----8.00	35840---31.00	35871----2.00	35902---10.00
35810----5.00	35841----5.00	35872----5.00	35903----1.00
35811---50.00	35842-----.50	35873---10.00	35904---35.00
35812----1.00	35843---50.00	35874----1.00	35905----5.00
35813----3.00	35844---50.00	35875----1.00	35906----1.00
35814---35.00	35845----3.00	35876----5.00	35907----2.00
35815---25.00	35846----5.00	35877----5.00	35908----1.00
35816----2.00	35847--500.00	35878---10.00	35909----1.00
35817---50.00	35848----2.00	35879---10.00	35910----5.00
35818----1.00	35849---50.00	35880----2.00	35911---30.00
35819----1.00	35850----5.00	35881---30.00	35912---10.00

All sorts of questions have been turning up in our correspondence lately. They range from the doctrinal, "Do you believe in Conditional Rapture?" to the personal, "Was Jean Rhode ever in Palestine?" We invite our readers to send us more of these questions, on all problems of faith and practice. They will be answered personally and, if of general interest, in these columns also.

As the above chart may indicate, a number of dollar-bills have been dancing their way merrily through our mail, the past month. They were largely the fruit of our special request in the May-June issue. Of course, many who were able gave larger sums, including the dear old gentleman who wrote: "*Twin* dollars will help a little." With you as partners, we step out this time into a more daring venture of faith. It is not always possible to predict, a month beforehand, which funds will be lowest. You know that every cent which you give us for missionary needs does go to missionaries, not for general expenses. Will you therefore, as the Lord may lead, mark your gift "For the greatest missionary need"? With such cooperation from you, we could replenish the neediest funds first, then turn to the others, and this without elaborate bookkeeping. All accounts would be "level-full" (the phrase is borrowed from a poem) and there would be no lack anywhere.